

## CENTENARIANS.

## Three of Them Die in St. Louis in One Week.

An interesting sketch of the Old-est Known Settlers in Missouri.

St. Louis has had a ridding out of its centenarians in the past week which has been something remarkable and unprecedented in history, no less than three having passed away about the same time. As there are many Sedalians well acquainted with two of the parties, the following brief sketch, mainly copied from the Globe-Democrat, will prove interesting:

**MRS. HATTIE PORTER,**  
one of the trio, after a short illness, died on Thursday night at the residence of an adopted child, Mrs. John Williamson, 1524 South Second street. She was buried yesterday from the house, and one of her intimate friends did not attend. Judie Pousette, that friend, whose age as nearly as can be ascertained, was the same, had died on Friday night. Mrs. Porter was a negress, and had no record of her age, but its estimate was a matter of calculation. From known dates of events with which she had connection it was calculated by those who knew her that she was not less than 102 years. She was born in Virginia, and was brought here by her master in her days of young womanhood. That was about seventy years ago. Her master became involved in debt and she was sold and ran execution to Pierre Chouteau, sr. She lived in his household a number of years, when she was sold to T. S. Smith, and afterward to a Maj. Abercrombie, who took her south. Her husband is said to have been a body servant of Zach Taylor. He purchased her freedom, and they lived together until Mr. Taylor was elected president, when he took her husband to Washington. Mrs. Porter never saw him after that, as he was taken ill, and died when he had intended to come to St. Louis, where she was again residing. She never had a child of her own, and so adopted Mrs. Williamson, now a woman of 40 or thereabouts. She was remarkably bright in her last years, doing an amount of work that was almost incredible, and staining younger hands. But she never had any education except that which fitted her for housework, being unable to either read or write. She had all of those qualities, however, upon which the

## AUCTIONEER WHO SOLD HER

in front of the old Court House dwelt; health, good looks, willing hands and sufficient knowledge to make those hands useful. She told a neighbor once that so effective was this eloquence that "Misha Chouteau" paid \$1,500 for her. Within the time that has elapsed since her arrival St. Louis has become a city, and her recollections, disjointed though they were, would have been valuable to a historian, as furnishing, as no record of facts could, the color of the social life of the early days in St. Louis.

Mr. Richard Dowling, one of the oldest residents of St. Louis, has been frequently called the "Directory of 1818," on account of his accurate recollection of that portion of the history of St. Louis. He had long known Mrs. Porter, and is authority for the statement that her age is 102. The statement of Mrs. Williamson that she was 120, he says is inaccurate as he knew her when she came to St. Louis, and was sure she was not at that time more than 35 years of age.

## MRS. POUSSETTE.

Mrs. Judie Pousette, a creole, who for many years was an intimate friend and neighbor of the deceased Mrs. Hattie Porter died on Friday evening at her home, 1732 South Second street, or as locally known, Columbus street. Mrs. Pousette was born about the year 1781 or 1782. She was the slave of Joseph Brazeau, whose homestead was situated near what is now the corner of Morgan and Main streets. She lived under three different governments. She remembered the Spanish rule, followed by that of France, and was a girl of 13 or 14 years when the French governor was succeeded by Capt. Stoddard, who was appointed by the American government on the cessation of the territory by the French. She had distinct recollections, and was fond of reiterating them to her grandchildren, of the ceremony of lowering the French flag, and hoisting that of the American nation, which took place on the 4th of March, 1804. The farm of the Brazeau is said to be in the neighborhood of the place at which the deceased lived for many years, and at which she died. While still a girl, Brazeau sold Judie to Antoine Chennie, a baker, who lived on Main street. It would seem, however, that before Brazeau disposed of the creole girl, another of the slaves, John Baptist Pousette, had become enamored of her. Pousette

## PURCHASED HIS FREEDOM.

and worked to secure the freedom of Judie. He bought her of Chennie, the Main street baker, soon after he had liberated himself. They were married and lived together until about thirty years ago, when Pousette died. Seven children were born to them. Only one was a boy. Of the six daughters three married. They had in all twenty-five children. Their children married, and just before the time of her death Mrs. Judie Pousette could gather round her four generations, including five of her own children, the eldest 79 years of age, twenty-five grandchildren, thirteen great-grandchildren and nine great-great-grandchildren.

Her funeral will take place to-day from St. Vincent's church.

The third death was that of

**MRS. BRIDGET TOOT.**

A few days ago Mrs. Bridget Toot was buried in Potter's field. She had been admitted to the poor house on February 13, 1883, on the recommendation of a woman living on Eighth street, between Cass avenue and O'Fallon street, who has since moved away. Nobody in that vicinity knew anything of the dead woman. She had attained the age of 102 years.

## A PRIMA DONNA'S OYSTERS.

She Ordered a Hundred and Disposed of Them All.

A famous European prima donna who visited this country not many years ago was exceedingly quiet in her tastes and her manner of living, and on arriving at our shores proceeded with her suite (of one)—her maid—to one of the best and most exclusive hotels of New York. With a fancy for something of a feast after her operatic performance, she determined to test the New York oysters, of which she had heard so much in praise. When the performance was over the songstress returned at once to her apartment at her hotel, and summoned a servant in the customary manner. The water soon appeared and some oysters were ordered. Just as it may be said that the maid retired at once to her own room with a headache, so the oysters were ordered for only one. "How many will you have?" asked the waiter. "How many?" said the lady, at the same time thinking, "I feel as if I could eat a thousand, I am so hungry," but only added—with a manner indicating that she had lived on oysters all her life—"you may bring a hundred!" She noticed on replying that a surprised expression covered the face of the servant, about which she only mentally questioned, and took up a foreign paper while the man was leaving the room. Some time passed, the lady wondering at the delay, when a knock came at the door, and in walked five men bearing trays half filled with plates containing oysters on the half shell, lemons, crackers, water, napkins, etc. A single glance at the first tray explained to the lady the surprise she had noticed on the face of the servant who had answered her bell; but not a question was asked nor a word spoken. The plates, glasses, etc., were arranged on the various tables in the room, and the lady was left alone with her feast. She realized that she had unwittingly played a joke upon herself, which she determined no one in the hotel should know. Her feast ended, and she wondered how in the world she could dispose of the dozen great oysters left there untouched. In a moment more she opened the window, and, one by one, took the oysters at the end of her fork and threw them out as far as she could in all directions till each shell was emptied. Another knock was heard, and answered. The waiter again entered, found the lady alone at the table, reading as before, and not a vestige of an oyster in sight. The look of surprise which met the lady as she glanced at the faces of the servants was ample compensation in every respect for the mistake she had made. She has often told the story since, and assured her friends that she can never forget nor cease to enjoy her first feast of New York oysters.—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

## Another Journalistic Outrage.

"Are you the dramatic editor?" asked a smooth-faced young man, attired in a plug hat, a bright green bottle frize coat and tight check pants, and further adorned by a red scarf, yellow-water shoes and a four-pound watch chain, as he walked into the office of the Post, with a three-frown corrugating his brow. "Are you the man that prints them guys onto the perfection?"

"We occasionally publish interesting incidents relating to prominent artists," replied the d. e. blandly.

"Wasn't this the paper that printed that story about Giannini, the opera singer, being captured," by brigands in Spain?"

"I think I remember the circumstance," replied the critic.

"And after they had cleaned out the tenor and his troupe, Giannini

began to sing something, whereupon the chief of the robbers recognized the tenor from having heard him sing at Madrid, and was so much affected that he embraced him, returned the plunder and escorted him safe through the country. That was the story, eh?"

"Yes, I think such were the facts," said the journalist, snapping his watch.

"Well, it is all guff—a regular bilk!" exclaimed the professional, angrily; "and I think you ought to be ashamed to print such lies!"

"What do you mean?" growled the writer reaching for the big shears. "Why, just this: Robbers ain't got no more appreciation for talent than managers have. They don't go a cent on art, them fellows don't," and the artist gloomily lit one of the critic's cigarettes.

"Don't, eh?" said the star scalper.

"No, sir, they don't; and I'll prove it. My stage name is Hamphat—you've heard of the Hamphat Brothers, the great song and dance team, haven't you?"

The dramatic editor admitted that he hadn't.

"Well, sir, my partner, 'the world renowned Teddy Hamphat,' was up doing the northern circuit last week, and the stage he was in was stopped by road agents near Ukiah. Ted had read that derved Giannini item, so he took the boss highwayman aside into the bushes and sung him a couple of verses of 'Dat Yaller Gal Dressed in Green.'"

"And how did it work?"

"Work, sir; why the gang shot him full of holes, and chucked him into a ditch. I'm a going up on the 5:30 to fetch the body home."

"That's sad—very," said the critic with a beaming smile.

"And it's all your fault," continued the knowing Hamphat, emphatically. "So I'd advise you fellows to let up deceiving the public that way. It ain't the square shake, by a derved sight. We're going to give the widow a benefit, and I think you'd ought to give it a star notice as a stand off."

The critic promised to attend to it, so the gentleman from the Bella Union abstractly collared the balance of the cigarettes and drifted out.—San Francisco Post.

## A Soap-Yielding Tree.

From the Irish Farmers' Gazette.

For many years there has existed in England and France a large demand for the bark of a tree growing in Chili, known as the Quillaja saponaria, or soap-yielding cullay. Many of those who supplied the bark have been in ignorance of the purpose for which it is employed, and, with a recklessness as blind as their ignorance, they have been content to destroy the tree, without caring to consider where future supplies were to come from, or to know to what uses the material was applied. As a consequence, the tree is growing scarce in the Chilean forests, and wool and silk manufacturers in England and France are likely to have to look about for a substitute for a powerful alkaloid which they have been accustomed to use in cleansing the raw materials of their manufactures. The bark of the Quillaja—a tree which obtains colossal dimensions even among the giants of a Chilean forest—is rich in a substance known as saponin, which is extremely valuable for dressing silk or wool. It is said that a decoction prepared by placing a small piece of this bark, and soaking it over night in water, will remove in a minute or two grease from greasy articles of clothing, and leave the cloth clean and fresh as if it were new. It may also be used for cleansing hair brushes and other similar purposes, under conditions in which soap and other alkalies are powerless. It is also suitable for a hair wash, and it is said to be largely used by French hairdressers, though the mode of preparation is kept secret. Such a tree ought to be invaluable in Australia, New Zealand, Cape Colony and other colonies where wool growing is a staple industry; and it has, we believe, been strongly recommended by Baron Ferdinand von Muller among the plants whose introduction into Australia would be advantageous. It is a hardy evergreen tree, with a white flower, and may be reproduced by seed or by ripened cuttings placed in sand with a little heat. In its natural habitat it is met with in various kinds of soil, from those of a sandy nature to peat and loam.

## How Detectives Obtain Pointers.

The story of an Indian who found a white man lying dead in the woods with a bullet hole in his forehead is one of the best illustrations of the habit of observation which a detective must cultivate. The Indian came into the white settlement and told the settlers his story: "Found white man dead in woods. Had hole in his head. Short white man shot him with long gun. Ramrod of gun three inches beyond muzzle of gun. Wore grey woolen coat. Had little dog with short tail. Had waited long while for dead man to come along." "How do you know all this? Did you see it?" was

naturally demanded of the Indian. "Oh yes! me saw; now show you." The settlers visited the scene of the murder, and the Indian showed them the spot where the murderer waited for his victim. He had set his gun against the tree. It was a long one, because the bark was slightly grazed high up, and about three inches above the mark left by the muzzle there was a slight mark by the ramrod, showing that it projected three inches. The man wore a gray woolen coat, because where he leaned against the tree little particles of gray threads had been caught by the bark. There was the place where the little dog sat on his haunches—his stump tail left a mark in the yielding soil. The murderer was short, because when he reloaded his gun he set the butt a good way from his feet. The trail he left coming and going showed he was white, because he turned his toes out. Indians never did. The trail also showed that the one coming to the tree was older than the one going away from it—hence the murderer had waited.—New York Times.

## Fast Time.

In its edition of Sept. 20th, in an article entitled "Speed of American Railways," speaking of comparative time made by lines leading from St. Louis, the *Railway Register* says:

"We find that the Ohio & Mississippi heads the list with its express train, which leaves this city at 8 A. M. for Cincinnati. The distance is 341 miles and the average speed is 32.22 miles per hour. The Vandalia maintains with its 8 A. M. express a speed of 39 miles per hour while it traverses the 240 miles lying between St. Louis and Indianapolis."

The O. & M. not only "heads the list," but maintains its supremacy for a greater distance and period of time than any lines mentioned. The managers of the Ohio & Mississippi Railway have established this reputation not only in St. Louis, but throughout the western country it is a recognized and conceded fact that the O. & M. leads the van in regular and fast time.

So says the St. Louis Evangelist, and what is true of the O. & M. is also true of its connecting line at Cincinnati, the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio railway. These two lines make a first class route from St. Louis to New York City. No change of cars, no safer route, and for speed unequalled. An individual combining business and pleasure or in pursuit of either separately, having passed over this line once will be sure to take it again. J. P. Horton, general western passenger agent, represents the N. Y., P. & O., at St. Louis, and W. B. Shattuck, general passenger agent the O. & M. at Cincinnati.

## SUBSCRIBE FOR THE

**WEEKLY**

**Globe-Democrat!**

1885.

TEN PAGES.

ONE DOLLAR

PER YEAR.

The Largest, Best and Cheapest

Weekly Newspaper in the

World.

Daily, per year.....\$12 00

Semi-Weekly, per year..... 3 00

Tri-Weekly..... 5 00

Sunday Edition..... 2 00

Postmasters and news dealer will receive your subscription, or address,

**GLOBE PRINTING CO.**

Send for sample copy. St. Louis Mo.

W. S. SHIRK. THOS. G. PORTIS.

**SHIRK & PORTIS,**

**Attorneys at Law,**

**SEDALIA, MO.**

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SEDALIA, MO.

Paid up capital, \$100,000.00

Surplus, 70,000.00

## BANKING HOUSE

Corner Ohio and Second Streets.

CYRUS NEWKIRK, President.

A. D. JAYNES, Vice President.

DIRECTORS:

C. NEWKIRK, F. H. GUENTHER

W. M. GENTRY, A. D. JAYNES

J. R. BARRETT, J. C. THOMPSON

E. A. PHILLIPS.

This Bank is prepared to buy and sell Exchange on the leading commercial points, gold, silver, uncurrent bank notes, government bonds and stocks, make collections, receive deposits, and discount acceptable papers.

We are also prepared to draw on sight drafts on the principal cities of England, Ireland, France, Austria, Prussia and the other States of Germany, Russia and other countries in Europe. Also cities of the West Indies and South America.

J. C. THOMPSON,

CASHIER

## IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

ANNUAL CLOSING SALE.

Goods of the Best Quality.

PRICES VERY LOW.

A. F. WYCKOFF,

Breeder and dealer in

Registered Berkshire Hogs

48-514 APPLETON CITY, MO.

W. D. STEELE

Attorney at Law

OFFICE—Room No. 5 Porter's Block.

64-514 SEDALIA, MO.

**Dr. Whittier,**

617 St. Charles street, St. Louis, Mo.

A regular graduate of the Medical College, I have long

engaged in the special treatment of all Venereal, Syphilitic and Chronic Diseases, and all other diseases of the

Genitals, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, etc.

Syphilitic or mercurial affections of the

throat, skin or bones, are treated with unparalleled

success, in latest scientific practice. I also, privately

Spermatorrhea, Sexual Debility, and Impu-

ency, as the result of self-abuse in youth, sexual excesses

in mature years, or other causes, and which produce some

of the following effects: prostration, mental and physical

debility, etc. One of eight, defective memory, pimples on the

face, pyelitis, etc. I am a specialist in the treatment of

ideas, loss of sexual power, etc. I am a specialist in the

treatment of all diseases of the reproductive system, and

in particular of those which are the result of self-abuse

in youth, or of sexual excesses in mature years, and which

produce some of the following effects: prostration, mental

and physical debility, etc. One of eight, defective memory,

pimples on the face, pyelitis, etc. I am a specialist in the

treatment of all diseases of the reproductive system, and

in particular of those which are the result of self-abuse

in youth, or of sexual excesses in mature years, and which

produce some of the following effects: prostration, mental

and physical debility, etc. One of eight, defective memory,

pimples on the face, pyelitis, etc. I am a specialist in the

treatment of all diseases of the reproductive system, and

in particular of those which are the result of self-abuse

in youth, or of sexual excesses in mature years, and which

produce some of the following effects: prostration, mental

and physical debility, etc. One of eight, defective memory,

pimples on the face, pyelitis, etc. I am a specialist in the

treatment of all diseases of the reproductive system, and

in particular of those which are the result of self-abuse

in youth, or of sexual excesses in mature years, and which

produce some of the following effects: prostration, mental

and physical debility, etc. One of eight, defective memory,

pimples on the face, pyelitis, etc. I am a specialist in the

treatment of all diseases of the reproductive system, and

in particular of those which are the result of self-abuse

in youth, or of sexual excesses in mature years, and which

produce some of the following effects: prostration, mental

and physical debility, etc. One of eight, defective memory,

pimples on the face, pyelitis, etc. I am a specialist in the

treatment of all diseases of the reproductive system, and

in particular of those which are the result of self-abuse

in youth, or of sexual excesses in mature years, and which

produce some of the following effects: prostration, mental

and physical debility, etc. One of eight, defective memory,

pimples on the face, pyelitis, etc. I am a specialist in the

treatment of all diseases of the reproductive system, and

in particular of those which are the result of self-abuse

in youth, or of sexual excesses in mature years, and which

produce some of the following effects: prostration, mental

and physical debility, etc. One of eight, defective memory,

pimples on the face, pyelitis, etc. I am a specialist in the

treatment of all diseases of the reproductive system, and

in particular of those which are the result of self-abuse

in youth, or of sexual excesses in mature years, and which

produce some of the following effects: prostration, mental

and physical debility, etc. One of eight, defective memory,

pimples on the face, pyelitis, etc. I am a specialist in the

treatment of all diseases of the reproductive system, and

in particular of those which are the result of self-abuse

in youth, or of sexual excesses in mature years, and which

produce some of the following effects: prostration, mental

and physical debility, etc. One of eight, defective memory,

pimples on the face, pyelitis, etc. I am a specialist in the

treatment of all diseases of the reproductive system, and

in particular of those which are the result of self-abuse

in youth, or of sexual excesses in mature years, and which

produce some of the following effects: prostration, mental

and physical debility, etc. One of eight, defective memory,

pimples on the face, pyelitis, etc. I am a specialist in the

treatment of all diseases of the reproductive system, and

in particular of those which are the result of self-abuse

## GAIN Health and Happiness.

How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered?

"Kidney-Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 12 best doctors in Detroit."

M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Iowa, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?

"Kidney-Wort cured me from nervous weakness, after I was not expected to live."

Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor, Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?

"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk, and then I was cured."

Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief."

Dr. Philip C. Bailey, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?